DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII., No. 12. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 15 1877. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS per An Post-Paid

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 5 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

FRED. DOUGLASS.

The appointment of Frederick Douglass to the position of United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, brings to mind the remarkable career of that remarkable man He was born in Maryland about the year 1817, his father being a white man and his mother a negro slave According to the custom of the time, he was reared as a slave His master was Col. Edward Lloyd, now only known as the owner of the future editor and orator. At the age of ten years Douglass was sent to Baltimore, to live with a relative of his master, and was employed in a shipyard. While here he secretly learned to read, and when he arrived at the age of twenty-one fled from Baltimore and from slavery. He fortunately succeeded in making his way to New Bedford, where he supported himself as a day laborer. There he was married. In 1841 he attended an anti-slavery meeting in Nantucket, and made a speech which created so favorable an impression that he was given the agency of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. He travelled under its auspices for four years, and then, after publishing his autobiography, went to Europe, where for two years he lectured to large audiences in nearly every corner of Great Britain. Before his return friends in England contributed £150 to have him manumitted in due form of law, and presented him with a printing press, the greatest emancipator of the world In 1844 he began the publication of *The North Star*, at Rochester, N Y It was he who, after the breaking out of the civil war, urged upon the President the employment of negro troops and the proclamation of emancipation, and in 1863 was very useful in filling up regiments of them. Since the close of the war he has been principally employed in lecturing He became editor of the *New National Era* in Washington in 1870, which paper is now continued by his sons, Lewis and Frederick. In the following year he was appointed secretary to the commission of Santa Domingo, and on his return General Grant made him one of the territorial council of the District of Columbia. In the following year he was elected presidential elector at large for New York State, and carried the vote of the State to Washington, and now by the favor of President Hayes holds the very high and honorable position of United States Marshal for the District of Columbia. That a slave by his own energy and force of character should have obtained this position and been able to hold it at the present time is a marvel, and shows that neither intelligence, honor or worth are confined to any one race of people.

FRED. DOUGLASS.

THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY

It is always a very difficult question for the teacher to settle, "How far shall I help the pupil, and how far shall the pupil be required to help himself?" The teaching of nature would seem to indicate that the pupil should be taught mainly to depend on his own resources. This, too, I think is the teaching of common sense. Whatever is learned should be so thoroughly learned that the next and higher step may be comparatively easy. And the teacher should always enquire, when he is about to dismiss the subject, whether the class understand it so well that they can go on to the next. He may, indeed, sometimes give a word of suggestion during the preparation of a lesson, and by a seasonable hint save the scholar the needless loss of much time But it is a very great evil if the pupils acquire the habit of running to the teacher as soon as a slight difficulty presents itself, to request him to remove it. Some teachers, when this happens, will send the scholar to his seat with a reproof perhaps, while others, with a mistaken kindness, will answer the question or solve the problem themselves, as the shortest way to get rid of it. Both these courses are, in general, wrong. The enquirer should never be frowned upon; this may discourage him. He should not be relieved from labor, as this will diminish his self-reliance without enlightening him, for whatever is done for a scholar without his having studied closely upon it himself, makes but a feeble impression upon him, and is soon forgotten. The true way is neither to discourage enquiry nor answer the question. Converse with the pupil a little as to the principles involved in the question, refer him to principles which he has before learned, or has now lost sight of, perhaps call his attention to some rule or explanation before given to the class, go just so far as to enlighten him a little, and put him on the scent, then leave him to achieve the victory himself. There is a great satisfaction in discovering a difficult thing for one's self, and the teacher does the scholar a lasting injury who takes this pleasure from him. The teacher should be simply suggestive, but should never take the glory of a victory from the scholar by doing his work for him, at least, not until he has given it a thorough trial himself.

The skill of the teacher, then, will be best manifested if he can continue to awaken such a spirit in the pupil that he shall be very unwilling to be assisted, if he can kindle up such a zeal that the pupil will persist to try again and again before he will consent that the teacher shall interpose. I shall never forget a class of boys, some fourteen or fifteen years of age, who in the study of algebra had imbibed this spirit A difficult question had been before the class a day or two, when I suggested giving them some assistance. "Not to-day, sir," was the spontaneous exclamation of nearly every one Nor shall I forget the expression that beamed from the countenance of one of them, when, elated with his success, he forgot the proprieties of the school and audibly exclaimed, "I've got it! I've got it!" It was a great day for him, he felt, as he never before had felt, his own might. Nor was it less gratifying to me to find that his fellows were still unwilling to know his method of solution. The next day a large number brought a solution of their own, each showing evidence of originality A class that has once attained to a feeling like this will go on to educate themselves, when they shall have left the school and the living teacher.

As to the communication of knowledge, aside from that immediately connected with school studies, there is a more excellent way than that of pouring it in by the process already described. — *Theory and Practice of Teaching, by David Perkins Page.*

"A GOOD BRINGING-UP."

"Not a minute to spare, Mrs Mann we'll secure up, please," said a smart-looking workman one Saturday (or rather every Saturday while he stayed) to his landlady.

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't sleep if you didn't, Jones," said Mrs. Mann, smiling kindly as she put down the huge mug she was mending

Short reckonings make long friends, as the saying is, "and as father and mother taught me when I was a lad," replied John "but there's a better one still from the Bible 'Owe no man anything'"

"All right John" said the landlady as he counted out from his little bag the exact sum for lodging, washing, and "doing for" during the past week, "and I'm much obliged to you besides, for you are no trouble scarce, to speak of and set no bad ways before my boys."

A few mornings after this Mrs Mann met two of her neighbors in great wrath and haste, but they stopped to tell the reason "What do you think? our lodgers have run away, and never paid us a farthing We're going to tell the master, and catch 'em at work at once"

"What a shame!" said everybody who heard of the deed, and it was not long in spreading abroad They might know that we who had families wouldn't take lodgers for pleasure, and if we could do without them Surely it was a shame to rob the hard-working hostess, who had done her best to make the homeless laborer a comfortable dwelling-place

"I hope you've got your money, Mrs. Mann, and not been served like us."

"Oh yes, every penny," said the landlady of honest John, "but there's a deal of difference, it's all in the bringing-up. You can soon tell what they've been, and John's had a good bringing-up."

What a practical comment on home and early days! Oh, parents, what sort of "bringing-up" are you giving those young ones around you at home? Are you teaching them by word and deed to be just and honest in all their dealings? Do they see you deny yourself rather than incur a debt you may not be able to pay? Do precept and practice agree in those grand principles that should lay the foundation of character and form good habits of life?

Hush, father, hush the oath that trembles on your hasty lip! teach not your boy to slight that Holy Name in which is salvation for eternity, and all of happiness and worth for time. Mother, dear mother, on your tongue does "the law of kindness" dwell? Oh, speak gently, judge kindly, seek the "meek and quiet spirit." Nothing speeds better for rudeness, ill-temper, and noise Never give your daughter opportunity to quote scolding, gossip, and ill-management at home.

Think *how the* "bringing-up" you are giving now will be traced out in the life of your sons and daughters by-and-by See them in a few years as yourselves over again, and see them yet a little further on, as you will be soon, happy in heaven, praising God, or in never-ending misery, cursing, perhaps, amongst other things, the evils of their "bringing-up."—*Cottager and Artisan.*

— A verdict under the Civil Damages Act has just been rendered in Brooklyn in favor of a poor woman whose husband had been unfitted for work by liquor. The liquor dealer is compelled to pay $350 damages. And this in the face of a charge from the Judge which seems meant to deprive the act of any practical value whatever. The jury deserve the highest praise for their impartial and courageous verdict.—*N. Y. Witness.*

Time was when geology was cited as a witness against the Mosaic record of creation Perhaps the time is not far distant when Moses will be deemed the Great Geologist, the failure of the theory that demands "infinite time" as its postulate. In a recent conversation, a gentleman who is a disciple of Darwin, and an enthusiastic geologist, made the remark Geology and Genesis agree as perfectly in the great outlines of creation that I am at a loss to know where Moses got that information."

Temperance Department.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

"I don't see as there's anything else to be done," said Stephen Cartright, "when things are so dear and wages so low, it's very hard upon a man to have to keep them as is old enough to work for themselves I don't see as they can refuse him at the workhouse, and goodness knows he'd be more comfortable like there than here It's like Matty to be so against it it's just her high notions, and she was always fonder of that boy than any of the others However, now wages are lowered, she must listen to reason I don't see that she can help it now. And the speaker paused and lifted his cup, as if the thought of the coming contention had made him feel warmer than was agreeable It was a sultry day in August he was experiencing all the influence of the heat, and had disposed of his scanty dinner without feeling much the better for it Suddenly he resumed the seat which he had left, and at the same moment was heard coming nearer a sound as of little pattering feet

"Sukey, Sukey," cried Stephen. "come here, I want you", and a fair little girl, of about five or six years old, came hopping on one leg into the room.

"Take this bottle, child, said the father, "and go to the corner, and get me fourpenn'orth of gin, tell them I will pay on Saturday night – do you hear."

"Ess, daddy," replied the little girl, and taking the bottle in her tiny hands, she went skipping and jumping out of the door, alas! not for the first time, on the same errand.

And yet neither Stephen Cartright nor his wife were drunkards; they would have held up their hands in virtuous indignation had any one dared to accuse them of this vice, but it was the truth that more money went to that same shop round the corner than to the butcher or linendraper And the result was, that the children (five in number) were dirty and ragged—too much so to be sent to a decent school of any kind, and were growing up without education, save that dreadful one imparted by the fellowship of the streets It is true that Stephen's wages barely exceeded a pound per week, and his wife was not able to earn much, but affairs might have been made better had it not been for the travels to and fro of the green bottle, together with a certain disrelish of work exhibited by the husband and father. He sat now, with his hands in his pockets, idly waiting the return of his daughter with the gin which was to give him the false courage necessary for him to open the subject now occupying his thoughts to his wife, who would (he knew) be very angry

Some years before this time this poor family had met with a severe misfortune (as it then seemed, in the person of his eldest son, a boy whose quiet and orderly habits even as a little child had particularly endeared him to his mother While passing along a bye-street with several of his small companions, he had been obliged to fly with the rest from a runaway horse, and had fallen upon the curbstone in such a manner as to cause a compound fracture of the leg. Whether the delicacy of his constitution operated unfavorably in the cure the parents never knew, but, although every attention was paid to the little sufferer at the hospital, he was rendered by the accident a cripple for life He was now fourteen years old, but utterly unable to render any assistance in his own support, and the father, feeling himself overburdened, had, although fond in general of his children, more than once entertained thoughts of applying to the parish workhouse for the admission of his son He had even once mentioned the subject to his wife, but had shrunk back from the horror which she had expressed at the idea.

As he sat now impatient of the protracted absence of his child, he fancied he could hear an unusual bustle at the other end of the street After some minutes he rose, and went to the door, just in time to prevent a knock A middle-aged woman stood there, accompanied by a crowd of all sorts and sizes

"There be a little girl, master, has met with an accident, and she says she lives here"

With one cry Stephen Cartright pushed the woman aside and dashed into the street, gazing wildly before him with eyes that seemed bereft of sight In the arms of a gentleman lay the poor little creature, her head and face bandaged so that her features were barely distinguishable

"My child! my child!" moaned Stephen, "oh, what is the matter?"

The crowd fell back at his approach, and the gentleman, still moving quickly on with his little burden, told him that she had slipped over a stone on the pavement, with the bottle in her hand, and that some of the pieces had entered the face

"I will tell you more when we reach the house," he said and in a few moments more they arrived

Poor Susy was laid on her bed, attended by her terrified and bewildered mother, while the father listened to the account given by the gentleman (a doctor, to whose shop she had been taken) of the occurrence.

"There is great blame to be attached to those who allow children to carry bottles," concluded he, "this is the third accident of the kind this month You have to thank God for your girl's eyesight, and that she has not been killed outright", and after some directions to the distressed parents, he left them.

The family of the Cartrights lived on the basement floor of a house in a poor neighborhood, their home consisting of two small rooms, the back one serving as a bedroom, the front as a kitchen, parlor, and all As Mrs Cartright ent'red the latter (after seeing the little girl asleep in care of her father) she was accosted by an eager voice, saying in a whisper,

"Oh, mother, mother, will Susy die? Who sent her with the bottle? What shall we do?"

"I don't know," replied the woman, bursting into tears, "I suppose your father did, while I was out, and you were minding the baby I almost feel like giving up."

"Hush, mother," said the boy, "let's hope that God will spare her"

The woman only replied by repeated sobs, until perceiving how much she distressed her crippled boy (for he it was), she dried her tears, and promised to hope for the best.

Some weeks passed, during which time the kind doctor paid many visits, but, going straight from the house-door into the bedroom, he did not see any of the family except the mother and the patient. Calling, however, on one Saturday morning, about a month after the accident, he was asked into the front room, where, on a chair by the window, sat the crippled boy As the doctor entered, he tried to rise, an instinct of politeness which instantly attracted the visitor "Sit down, my little fellow," he said kindly "are you one of the family?"

"My name is Richard Cartright, sir," answered the lad, raising his thoughtful eyes to the face of the gentleman; and then, meeting his sympathizing look, he went on, with the easily-awakened confidence of youth, to tell him of the disaster that had darkened his life.

"What troubles me more than all, sir," he concluded, "is that I cannot earn my own living, but am a burden on my father, and don't know at all what is to become of me. I can read pretty well, and am beginning to write, for a boy that I know comes in sometimes to teach me, but he can never stay long – so I I don't get on quickly. If it had only been my arm that was broken, I might go to the Sunday-school, as he does."

I do not know that the arm would have been much better, said the doctor, thoughtfully I should like to help you, my poor fellow: but I fear it must be a question of time."

The boy's eyes sparkled, but he was silent

What have you here?" continued Mr. Westburn, looking at two or three pieces of paper lying on the table.

I have been trying to draw, sir," faltered the lad, "but it is not worth your looking at"

Not much, certainly," said the other; "but all things must have a beginning. How should you like to be a schoolmaster, Richard? I do not think there is anything in your case against that"

But the boy could not reply, he could only gaze in delighted amazement on the face of the first person who had ever given any hope for the future, and, seeing this, the doctor continued "We must manage it somehow, my man, and you must work hard at your studies I think I can see a way."

Mrs. Cartright now came in with the patient, who was fast recovering from the effects of her accident The wounds had healed more quickly than had been expected, and though the dear little face would always bear the marks of them, there was reason to be very grateful to the Almighty that she had so far escaped This was to be the doctor's last professional visit, and after some gentle words to the child, and many thanks on the part of the mother, he departed, leaving behind him one heart full of joyful and limitless anticipations of a useful and prosperous future.

In his prayers that night, Richard Cartright, hoping, dreaming, yet scarcely daring to expect the realisation of the prospect opened to him, begged God to bless the kind friend who had chased the gloom and darkness oppressing his mind, ever since increasing years had rendered him painfully alive to the obligations, which he had never, until now, hoped to fulfil.

It was on the Sunday of the next week that Stephen Cartright sat with his wife and family in the small parlor There was a thoughtful look upon his face, something which told of a resolution taken, but he said nothing, even to his wife, whose countenance, though bearing marks of the increased toil of the last few weeks, was radiant with joy at the recovery of her little one, and the secret, yet undisclosed, of her son's brightened lot. Then came a tap at the house door, which Stephen himself opened, admitting Mr. Westburn.

"I have to apologise," said the latter, "for intruding on your quiet Sunday; but I have called to inquire at what hour I can see you to-morrow on particular business?"

With much secret wonder Stephen named the time at which he usually left work, and Mr. Westburn, promising to see him then, bade them "Good day," and departed. On the morrow the astonished and delighted father heard of the plan adopted to benefit his son, which was to raise a subscription for the price of an invalid chair, in which he could be wheeled daily to a good free school in the neighborhood, where they would educate and train him to be a certificated teacher.

It was after this communication had been made, and the merits of the case descanted upon, that Stephen at length turned to his disinterested friend.

"God's ways are wonderful, sir," he said. "Who would have thought that from so much of evil could come so much of good If that terrible accident had not happened to my boy he might have been wild-like and given to drink. At any rate, it is not likely that he would ever have been a scholar and a gentleman. And though I don't deny that I've had hard thoughts, 'cos I've had to keep him so long, that wickedness is over now, thank God. And even poor Susy's misfortune has brought good too. I've never been a tipsy man, sir, though I thought nothing of a glass or two every day. But since my liking for this makes us poorer, and has even been the means of injuring my child, I will at once sign the pledge. As I was praying to God (as I did, sir), for her to recover, it came into my mind that I had not quite done my duty to my wife and children. Says I to myself, 'Stephen, you must alter your conduct, and there's three things you must do First, you must work harder, and earn more money, for you know you can do so, second, you must not spend money in gin and beer; and, third, you must pay more attention to your wife and the young creatures as God has given you.'"

You'd hardly believe, sir, how particular my mother was with me. I ought to be a better man; but perhaps, please God," he added, reverently raising his cap, "her prayers may be answered yet We've had great troubles, but maybe it is only to bring us to a sense of our sins."

"I do not doubt it," said the doctor, "but beware of delaying to put your good resolutions into practice. Assemble your family morning and evening, let them join you in prayer, read God's Word to them, and ask Him as a Father, to guide and guard you all, for the Redeemer's sake Never neglect this duty, but perform it in spirit and in truth, and your labor will be light You may form the best resolutions, but unless you constantly approach Him in prayer for aid, you will be apt to fail. We have no strength in ourselves, but He says that asking we shall receive," and with this exhortation the kindly doctor departed.

About a fortnight after this time there was seen at the door of the Cartrights all the signs of a very pleasant bustle. Many neighbors stood around admiring the new chair, bought with the money contributed. As the clock struck nine, Stephen came out, accompanied by his son, and it was then seen that a pair of light crutches had also been purchased for the latter.

As his father assisted him into the chair, a cheer rose from the bystanders, and many pressed round him, uttering their good wishes. To Richard this was a trial, but as he met no unkindly glance, he soon recovered composure enough to thank them. It had been arranged that to the brother next himself—a sturdy boy of twelve years—should devolve the task of wheeling him to and from the school, and they set forward, the neighbors continuing their well-meant remarks until they were out of sight, and well on their way to the scene of Richard's future labors. It is useless to try and describe his feelings, for only those who have been brought out of darkness into Heaven's blessed sunshine can imagine them. As he came within sight of the school, he felt as if in an illusive dream, from which he would presently awake to the sadness of his former position; but his mind soon regained its tone, and he thanked God and prayed earnestly that he might ever prove a true and faithful servant to the Lord Jesus.

And he succeeded in all things, in due time attaining the highest point to which he had aspired, improved health and spirits attending him even at the outset of his career.

When capable, he entered upon a situation in a large public school in one of the home counties, and, faithful to his vow, was ever an humble follower of the Redeemer.

His parents, brothers, and sisters, were his first care, but the poor, the sick, and afflicted were always sure of his sympathy and help, as far as over his strength and means allowed

Garrulous Stephen Cartright was never weary of relating to any one who would listen to the oft-repeated tale, the story of the great change that had brightened his son's life.

"Aye," he would exclaim, again and again "We are altogether foolish and blind, trusting in our own wisdom, and never discerning good from evil. The two biggest misfortunes of my life, as I then considered them, have, indeed, proved to be, through the mercy of the Almighty, but 'blessings' in disguise.'" *Temperance Record.*"

COMMUNION WINE

BY P. H. SAGER.

Shall we use fermented wine at the Lord's table?

This seems still to be an open question One party contends that no other wine is, or has been, known in Bible lands, indeed, that nothing else is wine, and hence that Christ must have used it, and set the example for His Church.

On the other hand, are those who say that several different words are used in the original, to designate what is called wine in our translation; that wine is, on the one hand unsparingly denounced as producing the same evils that we witness in the present day from strong drink, and on the other, classed with the good fruits of the earth, like corn and oil, and they consider it irrational to believe that these opposing descriptions refer to the same article. Besides, with regard to the cup at the Supper, they believe that the prohibition of leaven at the Passover must have included fermented wine as well as fermented bread, and that Christ could have used neither at the institution of His own memorial rite.

We need not question the sincerity or Christian character of either party, nor join in their mutual strictures upon the learning and logic of their opponents. May we not find a basis for agreement in action, without waiting for either of those parties to bring the other to their own views of Biblical criticism? If every person who takes the intoxicating cup at the communion table, were, as a consequence to fall into drinking habits, go away from Christ, and be finally lost, probably no Church would fail to find some other way to fulfill the Master's command. That some do thus fall, there is unfortunately no room to doubt. One of the latest instances I have met with in my reading, is that of a Methodist local preacher, a reformed inebriate, who was sharply rebuked by his official superior for refusing to drink such wine at the Lord's Supper, and who finally yielded, took the cup and fell to rise no more.

I, myself, at a camp-meeting, have heard a reformed drinker acknowledge, that after months of abstinence, the burning thirst for intoxicating drinks was still with him. Yet at that same meeting the Lord's table was set out with fiery alcoholic wine. If this man and such as he have not yet fallen, must the snare continue to be set for their feet until they are taken and destroyed? How many victims must be ruined in this way, before the Churches will be convinced of the necessity of removing the stumbling-block out of the way? Would ten thousand be required? or would one thousand be enough? or would even hundreds satisfy the demand?

Let the Churches which adhere to this dangerous practice inform us how many "bodies and souls of men" they hold as an offset to their special views in this particular

On such points as the public speaking of women, and the singing of uninspired hymns, various Churches have yielded in practice, on grounds of practical expediency, without any new light on Scriptural exegesis May not all Churches still more properly abandon a practice which is proved to be dangerous to many a weak brother for whom Christ died?

One proposes that any person knowing himself to be in danger from this cause shall absent himself from the Communion. But Christ says, "Drink ye all of this" Another recommends that any Church having reformed inebriates among her members use the unfermented fruit of the vine. To this, I say amen! and lest some should be in danger of whom we are not aware. I suggest that all Churches follow the same example.—*Zion's Herald.*

—"Murder-mill" was the name by which an Indiana lady called a certain rum-shop She was prosecuted therefor, but won the suit, being able to prove her allegation a true one

—At a recent dinner given in Glasgow by the liquor sellers, the toast of "The clergy of all denominations" was drunk with great enthusiasm!

—"Woolloomooloo Band of Hope" is a new temperance association in Sydney, Australia It is a serious matter to take a name like that on one's self.

BLUE GLASS MANIA.

No better confirmation of the assertion of a cynic, that people "love to be humbugged," has been recently afforded than in the blue-glass delusion, which has in some sections acquired almost the character of an epidemic Whether there is a popular fondness for being deceived or not, there is certainly a manifest tendency to receive with readiness almost any novelty in the shape of a remedy for disease if it is only heralded with a sufficient amount of assurance and is backed by a few reputed "cures"

Basing their confidence upon such grounds as these, hundreds of people have recently been led to make a trial of the blue-light method of treating disease Quite a business has been established in the manufacture of blue or cobalt glass. In some cities, scores of windows may be seen ornamented with a few panes of "Gen. Pleasanton's blue glass." Every day we pass a window in which hangs a frame containing alternate panes of blue and colorless glass, behind which sits a little cripple suffering with disease of the spine. His fond parents are vainly watching for the magic influence of the blue light to be manifested in restoring their little one to health. No doubt hundreds of others are pursuing a similar course

It is not surprising that numerous "cures" are reported as having resulted from the use of this new remedy Every new remedy can boast of as many "cures." Some of these, without doubt, are the effect of the imagination, which has long been recognized as a powerful agent in the treatment of the sick. It should also be borne in mind that in the use of the blue light the patient is also subjected to a sun bath, the great therapeutic value of which has long been recognized No doubt the larger share of the good results claimed for blue light are really due to the colorless rays which are mingled with the blue.

For the purpose of testing the value of the blue light when compared with colorless light, we had one of our four sun-bath rooms at the Health Institute arranged for the use of the blue light according to the most approved fashion After a trial of two months we are unable to see the least advantage which it possesses over the clear, natural sunlight just as it was made by the Creator. It really seems quite improbable that the Omniscient should have made so great a blunder as to have so clumsily mingled the constituents of sunlight that it was necessary for Gen. Pleasanton to invent a means to filter out the deleterious rays.—*Health Reformer*.

LUNGS AND VOICE

No one can keep the body and mind vigorous for any great length of time in impure air. And the most impure air is that which is filled with emanations from the human system. The lungs should be trained to free, full and vigorous action. They are, so to speak, the very springs of vitality. The more immediate importance of the lungs in the animal economy will be brought to mind when we recollect that a person may live for days without *food*, but to deprive him of air, even for a few moments, is to deprive him of life itself. Any form of dress or belt, therefore, which constrains the base of the lungs and presses upon the stomach and intestines must do serious harm Intimately connected with the function of breathing is that of vocalization. So great importance did the Greeks attach to this feature of human development, that the type passed through the hands of at least three different masters in this department alone before completing his course. One master developed the power and range of his voice; another improved its quality; a third taught modulation and inflection. The production of voice is a muscular operation. It calls into action many organs directly related to the vital economy, and, consequently every step taken toward permanently improving the voice is so much done toward building up the health and vitality of the general system. The prevalence of harsh, grating voices, so little calculated to convey the "whisper of love," is very noticeable. The tone which often prevails in schools, and carried afterwards into life, is the hard, unnatural, half-screaming one in which both teachers and scholars often carry on their recitations The natural, easy, musical quality of voice which marks refined society, should be cultivated in the school-room from the beginning Imagine a polite person asking a visitor to take a chair in the tone used by scholars in reciting their arithmetic lessons? Yet the forced and stilted tone is as fitting in the one case as in the other.

Professor Munroe contends that "nowhere in our educational system is there so great a defect as the failure to secure attention to hygienic laws To cultivate the brain while we neglect the vital system is as absurd as to furnish a powerful engine to a frail boat The more we increase the steam power, the more should we make sure that the hull is staunch We rush to destruction when we force the engine unduly. Nervous diseases and frail constitutions are becoming every day more abundant, and they will continue to increase till an intelligent hygiene shall furnish the true preventive Proper habits of dress, diet, sleep, cleanliness and exercise are of infinitely more importance to a child than the geography of Siberia or the history of the Dark Ages. Yet the latter absorb a large share of time in schools where not a word is said of the former May it not be asked with solemn emphasis—What shall it profit a child to gain a whole world of book-knowledge, if, in gaining it, he forfeits the chief condition of earthly welfare, bodily health"—*London Free Press*.

TEST FOR VINEGAR.—We have frequently been asked for some simple and practical method of testing the purity and strength of vinegar Of course, to ascertain just what and how much adulteration is in vinegar, a chemical analysis is necessary, but for obvious reasons this is not obtainable by retailers generally The most common adulterant, however, is acid, which is added to increase the strength, and to detect this the pickle manufacturers have a simple test that is infallible, and shows the slightest trace of that article. Each pickle manufacturer keeps a small vial of the solution of muriate of barytes, obtainable for a few cents at any drug store When a sample of vinegar is offered he turns out a wine glass about half full and adds about ten or twelve drops of the muriate of barytes If the vinegar is pure it will show no change If it contains acids it will gradually turn to a milky hue, according to the quantity of acids in it. To show the nicety of the test we give an instance that lately happened.—A farmer brought in a sample of cider vinegar which, as he had made it himself, he knew was absolutely pure. On testing it, it showed a faint milky cloud, indicating that there was acid of some kind in it. Not being able to explain it, he went home and tested each barrel and found it all so. After patient investigation he finally found that he had used water from a cistern supplied from a roof having copper gutters to carry off the water. We also tested, this week, a sample of imported bottle white wine vinegar, bearing a name known all over the world, and this also showed a slight trace of acids, added probably to increase the strength.—*American Grocer*

SMALL FEET.—Why it should be desirable to have a small, weak foot, any more than a small and weak brain, it is not easy to conceive. For the purpose of having such small feet, not a few wear boots one or two sizes too small, and about two-thirds of the width of the foot as it would be at the ball if allowed to spread as it does when standing without the confinement of the boot. As a natural and necessary result of such pinching confinement, the foot becomes deformed and larger than it would naturally grow, with enlarged joints, the toes turned from a line parallel with the foot, to say nothing of the troublesome corns so annoying and crippling to a large class of young women. The worst result of this crippling custom of wearing small and narrow boots, as felt by children, when allowed to outgrow their boots. It is poor economy to allow the young to wear boots when the feet have become too large for them, since deformity of the feet is easily produced at this time. When the boot is too short and the heel too high, the in-growing of nails is a perfectly natural result. Children will have sufficient ills to contend with without this crippling from deformed feet, the most prominent cause of which is small and badly fitting boots and shoes.

GLASS FROM IRON SLAG.—For some time there has lain on our desk a pamphlet setting forth the merits of a patented process for making glass from common furnace-slag, a material which has heretofore been practically useless and which accumulates in such masses in the neighborhood of every large furnace that it is difficult to remove or place it where it will be out of the way. An English gentleman, Mr Bashley Britten, has invented a process whereby the liquid slag is converted into glass as it comes from the furnace, thus utilizing the heat, which it necessarily acquires in the reducing process. Sand is added, thus making good the deficiency of silica, and the result is glass of almost any desired quality at a far cheaper rate than is otherwise possible The slag is in fact a coarse kind of glass, containing some 39 per cent. of silica, and it is certainly a highly useful discovery if it can be economically utilized in the manufacture of so indispensable an article as glass. The American agency is at 215 Pearl Street, New York.

SPEEDY DESTRUCTION.—Of all the contrivances for insuring the speedy and complete destruction of a building attacked by fire, that of an iron front, or a marble front, supported by iron pillars and plate glass, is the best. The iron heats readily, and bends when it heats. While the fire, if accessible is within control, it serves to keep the firemen and the water away and when it has done this service and the fire has become unmanageable within and threatens all the neighborhood, the tottering columns and bulging front still serve to make the labors of the firemen at once dangerous and unavailing A marble veneer set upon iron pillars is no better, and the majority of our business buildings are constructed after this pattern Cheap and gaudy edifices are the fashion, and will continue to be so long as insurance companies continue to pay for their destruction. *Chronicle (New York)*

ACCOMMODATING WALL-PAPERS What may possibly prove to be a most valuable idea is reported from Germany New wall-papers have been suggested which will adjust themselves to the light within the room, growing lighter and brighter as the room darkens, and on the other hand, getting darker in proportion as the room is illuminated. To this end it has been proposed that the papers be printed or coated with oxalate of copper, which acts in the manner above described It is confidently expected that very curious and novel effects of color and shade may in this way be produced, and if the proposal only turn out as well as its promoters anticipate, an entire revolution in the wall-papers of the future seems probable.

DYNAMITE IN AGRICULTURE.—This substance, dangerous as it is, has been used successfully for some years in clearing land, and now it is applied by the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland, and by Dr Hamm in Austria, to loosening the soil for agricultural purposes A number of cartridges are buried at regular intervals and at uniform depth, and are exploded by electricity. By this means the soil is loosened to a greater depth than is possible by any means heretofore discovered, and although the surface is hardly disturbed at all the effect is all that can be desired.

GAS-BURNERS. Each ordinary gas-burner in a room consumes eleven gallons of air each minute, that is to say, it robs it of such vital principle as is requisite for our lungs in breathing. Ventilation is always necessary, and more especially when gas is being burned

—The London *Spectator* says.—The American papers have been more than usually imaginative lately on the subject of the stimulus given by blue rays to the growth of plants and animals. A blue glass house will, according to their theory, double the size of plants kept in it, and a few blue ray baths cure the worst spinal complaints. Unfortunately, however, for these cheering myths, as Mr. Thistleton Dyer, assistant-director in the Royal Gardens at Kew, showed, in a lecture on "Plant Growth," delivered at the London Institution, the blue rays in sunlight "actually have a retarding effect on growth," and it is to the blue rays that this retarding effect is limited Mr. Thistleton Dyer even explained the movements of plants toward the light as "probably due to the curvature of the stems, in consequence of the illuminated side growing more slowly than that which is shaded" It is curious that the ingenuity of American inventors should have hit on the exact contrary of the truth.

—Prof. Young makes some interesting statements in the *Popular Science Monthly* regarding the distance of the sun from the earth. If some celestial railway could be imagined, the journey to the sun, even if our trains ran sixty miles an hour, day and night and without a stop, would require over 175 years. Sensation, even, would not travel so far in a human lifetime. To borrow the curious illustration of Prof. Mendenhall, if we could imagine an infant with an arm long enough to enable him to touch the sun and burn himself, he would die of old age before the pain could reach him, since, according to the experiments of Helmholtz and others, a nervous shock is communicated only at the rate of about 100 feet per second, or 1,637 miles a day, and would need more than 160 years to make the journey. Sound would do it in about fourteen years if it could be transmitted through celestial space, and a cannon ball in about nine if it were to move uniformly with the same speed as when it left the muzzle of the gun.

—Tungstate of soda, says *Nature*, has been much talked about lately as valuable, when mixed with [illegible] starch, for rendering muslin dresses uninflammable. Prof. Gladstone and Dr. Alder Wright have both brought it before audiences at the Royal Institution, Dr. Wright showing its efficacy by having a muslin dress so prepared for one of his assistants to wear, in which he walked about over flames In repeating the demonstration in the course of a lecture at South Kensington recently, it was fortunate that Dr Wright had the dress placed on a dummy instead of being worn by an assistant, for no sooner was a light applied to it than it blazed up and was consumed Why the happened could not be explained, as it is believed no mistake had been made in the preparation No doubt the exact conditions under which the tungstate is reliable will be a subject for farther investigation

Men and women who are compelled to work all day in crowded shops or rooms, ought never to neglect the practice of taking an hour or two hours' exercise daily in the open air, in order if possible be undo the evil worked by the vitiated air they have breathed

DOMESTIC.

LADIES SHOES. There are few changes in the styles of ladies' shoes Each year brings into more general use comfortable broad shoes that have full wide soles with extension edges. these prevent crowding, and leave the foot in its natural symmetrical proportions Misses and children's shoes are made with low heels and broad soles, giving the feet its natural shape and position, for very small children heels are abandoned altogether

BLACK BEAN OR MOCK TURTLE SOUP One pint of black beans soaked over night in cold water. Strain off the water in the morning, add fresh cold water and an onion with ten cloves stuck in it Boil till the beans are very tender, then strain through a colander, add beef stock or not as is convenient, boil up, season with pepper and salt, and serve with slices of lemon or not as you fancy

POT ROAST Meat of any kind, beef, chickens, prairie fowl or pigeons may be cooked in this way. Slice an onion and a few slices of pork, and put in the bottom of a kettle. Place on top whatever meat is to be cooked, add just water enough to stew it. Be careful not to use too much water, it can be easily added if it cooks away, but it spoils the dish to be obliged to take any out Keep turning the meat and let it stew or roast slowly till brown, and tender, then take out the meat, strain and thicken the gravy, pour over the meat, and serve hot. —*Selected*.

APPLE PUFFS.—Make a light, tender crust, as for finest pastry. Prepare fine-flavored apples, stew soft, sweeten, season, and strain Roll out two large sheets of pastry on separate boards. Put on a spoonful of apple in little spots all over one sheet, spread over this the other sheet, which should be a trifle larger than the under one, then cut with a biscuit cutter wherever there is a bunch of sauce—only cut them large enough to have a good rim If too much sauce is put on it will stew over and make the puffs look untidy Press down the edges with some pretty stamp, or with a fork, if that is most convenient, to keep the juice in *If the pastry is light and tender* these are very nice

STOCK FOR SOUP.—Take lean beef and cold water in the proportion of one pound of lean beef to one quart of water, put it in a soup-kettle over the fire When it boils add a cup of cold water That brings the scum to the top, which must be carefully skimmed off. Then place the kettle over a moderate fire, where it can simmer slowly four or five hours This stock may be used for all soups in which meat broth is required. By adding to it, for thickening, barley, rice, sago, macaroni or vermicelli, it will be transformed to either of these soups—rice, barley, sago, &c., or by adding tomatoes, either canned or fresh, we have good tomato soup Serve with neatly cut bits of toasted bread.

TO CLEAN GLOVES.—Just a few words about glove-cleaning, if you please. But I want to say first that I have found it the truest economy to buy either very light or very dark kids because the former can be cleaned again and again, and made to look as well as when new, and the latter never require cleaning at all. The medium shades I have never been able to cleanse to my satisfaction I never pay over a dollar for light, and half a dollar more for dark kids. Now for the cleansing process, which is *the* one, I find, after trying every other known way. Pour a little benzine (don't be too saving of it) into a saucer, take one of the gloves and wash it as you would a handkerchief, giving the soiled spots special attention. Squeeze, (hurry now!), lay the glove on a clean cloth and rub it with another cloth toward the finger tips until dry. Proceed as above with the other glove, using fresh benzine, then pin both to a cloth and hang them up in a window or out of doors till the scent disappears. Have the wiping cloth clean, turning it about frequently for clean spots, don't rub too hard, either in washing or drying never put the gloves on the hand, rub (in drying) quickly and evenly to avoid streaks, and do the whole job as quickly as possible It takes only ten or fifteen minutes of my time, and my gloves always look splendidly Of course I do not allow them to rival the color of the store before I wash them Now just try it, sisters, and see if you don't say, with me, that it is cheaper to wear light kids than almost any other kind of glove The work should never be done by artificial light for fear of fire.—*Household*.

THE BAD BOYS OF FRANCE.

BY L. R. L.

Yes, even in *la belle* France, in polite, smiling France, there are bad boys; and in one of the most beautiful provinces, among the romantic old castles of Touraine, there has been a little town built especially for them.

In some of the finest of those old castles the grown-up folks used to be very bad, much worse than any of the modern boys. There is the castle of Blois; the miserable, cruel Catherine de Medici used to come there a great deal, and she died in one of its old rooms, and in another of its rooms her son, Henry III., murdered the two Dukes of Guise. Then there is the castle of Amboise, where the girlish Mary, Queen of Scots, and her young husband, were compelled to witness the massacre of thousands and thousands of Protestants, by order of the same wicked Catherine. I do think that, instead of these pleasure-houses, it would have been much more to the point if there had been "Reformatories" built, to which these bad kings and queens could have come and been made better, as there are now for the young rogues of the country.

When, last week, I read an account, in "Leisure Hours," of the snug place for the bad boys of France, I resolved at once to tell the Wide Awakes.

But, first, I must tell something about the man who built the "Bad-Boy Town."

He was a French gentleman. His name was De Metz; and he was born an aristocrat, with no taste whatever for low life and its scenes of dirt and strife and suffering. Instead, he loved rare and beautiful books and fine pictures, and statuary; and for exercise he loved to work among fruits and flowers. He was carefully educated, and he had travelled a great deal, and had always moved in fashionable and in scholarly circles of society.

But, fine as he was, he never shirked public duties. He believed it to be very bad for any government when the men with the best education, and with the best tastes, refused to hold office. Therefore, though he needed none of the salaries, M. de Metz accepted various troublesome offices; and finally he became President of the Court of Correctional Police in Paris.

Now look at his portrait—do I need to say that this man would at once become interested in the young children brought into the Police Court for little thefts and various small wrongs?

One day eight little fellows, all orphans, were arrested and brought before him for sentence. They were so very young, and so simple, and so utterly without friends and home, he thought it would be a kindness to sentence them to a long term of imprisonment; thus keeping them out of the way of temptation, and providing them with food and shelter. Only think! they were such young children that they had to be lifted upon their seat in court and lifted down again when they were led away to prison!

M. de Metz couldn't get these poor prison-babies out of his mind. Finally he went to the jails to see them; and he was

M. DE METZ.

struck with horror to find that so soon, on account of their association with the older prisoners, they had become shockingly wicked and hardened.

M. de Metz then began to look into prison-life; and the upshot was that he couldn't bear to sentence a boy to the city jails; and his sentences were so short, and he evaded his duty so openly, that complaint was finally entered against him, and the Minister of Justice, feeling secretly just as the President did about the children, promoted him to an office where his soft heart wouldn't play such mischief with his duties and with the laws.

But M. de Metz didn't—no, he couldn't forget the class of children that naturally would get into prisons. Books, pictures, flowers, fine spectacles, and fine society, all lost their charm, their interest.

He resigned his office, settled a goodly income upon his family, and set forth to visit other countries that he might learn how different governments took care of their bad children. He even came over here to America to see how we dealt with our bad boys.

He talked with all the foremost philanthropists, and picked up an idea here, and an idea there; but he got his most valuable information in Germany, at a reformatory founded by Wichern, a kind German.

Wichern thus named his leading ideas:

"Individual Religious Influence"

"Labor upon Land."

"The Family Circle."

M. de Metz went back into France, determined to provide "Family Circles" for at least 300 bad boys. He was not the only kind-hearted man in the empire. One of his friends, a nobleman, Baron de Courteilles, gave him one hundred acres of rich land in the province of Touraine, and £1,000 besides.

This gentleman also soon forsook society, and, joining hands with M. de Metz, the two worked together for the boys twelve years, until M. de Courteilles died. Then for twenty years, M. de Metz carried the work on alone, till he died.

They built twenty "homes," with a church in the centre—in fact, a nice, tasteful little town, all by itself, pretty and compact, the streets lined with trees, the whole surrounded by cultivated fields—the establishment owning 530 acres, and renting 330 in addition.

Each "home" accommodates forty boys, and has its own "house-father."

One of the houses, prettier than the rest, and with more flowers, and surrounded with the most attractive and showy of the shrubbery, is set apart for the "littlest" of the children, those under ten years of age.

Only think! not a boy of the 800 but has been under arrest for being either a vagrant or a criminal, and has been sent hither by law.

You may well believe that the people of the surrounding country were "up in arms" when they found a "Reformatory" was to be established in their midst. Eight hundred bad boys and under no confinement—why, they expected their chicken-coops to be robbed, their vineyards and orchards stripped, and their houses burned over their heads.

Well, I suppose there might be much of this trouble, were there not some charm in the management that begins to act on a boy the moment he arrives, so that he starts, that very second, toward being a good boy.

I suppose that the sight of flowers, and nicely-laid tables, and nicely-prepared food, and nicely made beds, and plenty of clear water and clean towels, and clean clothing, and the firm and kindly faces and voices, do exert a strange and blessed magic on the dirty, wretched little fellows. Everything I have ever seen or ever read goes to prove that this would be the case.

Once introduced into this homely-looking town, the boys are immediately brought under training.

Boys certainly do like military drill and order. They enjoy a touch of the "barracks" in their training. There is the make-up of a soldier in every boy, provided he is soon enough taken in hand. I think M. de Metz had this opinion. I think he believed the habit of obedience to be the corner-stone habit in building up a boy's character, and that the other habit of doing a given thing at a given time would soon steady the most fickle and shiftless young lad.

The Mettray Boys—Mettray is the name of the little Reformatory—are trained by the

bugle. At the morning bugle-call each boy hops out of his hammock, kneels for prayer, dresses, marches away into the yard for a wash He goes to work by the bugle, comes home to his meals by the bugle. At the hour of retiring, at the bugle-note, each boy comes into position by his hammock, at the next note he unrolls and hitches it to the post; then kneels; undresses; and all are into bed, in silence, and like soldiers!

They also have a flag, like an army regiment. The house that, during a given time, has recieved the fewest punishments, has the care of this flag during another given time. This is a great honor. When a house gets a flag, the boys of that house take their place at the head of of an universal procession, the band plays and off they go, military fashion, filing through all the walks and streets of the estate. Should a fellow be espied about to do a wrong thing, his comrades will prevent him if they can. "Don't! don't! we shan't get the flag if you do!"

The main occupation is farming—in all its branches, however; gardening, fruiteries, poultry-keeping, cattle-raising. But the founders have a great respect for nature; and they don't send out boys, in whom they discover peculiar "bents," fitted to be only farmers. Young carpenters, blacksmiths, shoe-makers, tailors, and what-not, even sailors, go out from Mettray. They have a three-masted ship at the school, presented by the French "Secretary of Navy;" and there is an old sailor, to teach about the sails, and masts, and rigging.

As to education: they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, drawing, history and music. They have a band and they give concerts. They attend church regularly—in short, these poor criminals go out into the world equipped for business, and with many saving tastes and habits. For instance, they make excellent soldiers. More than one Mettray bad boy has worn the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The discipline of punishments is admirable: private remonstance, public reprimand, confinement during recreation-hours, withdrawal of the right to compete for prizes, dietary of bread and water, and, finally, the "cell," dark or light, according to the offence.

There is also a novel theory largely acted upon—a chance for repentance, a temptation to repent.

For instance, in case of petty theft, there is placed a great box in a private spot. This box is marked "FOR THINGS LOST." Should anything be missed, the complaint is made to the Father of the House, privately. Nothing is said about it for a week, perhaps; and if the article is, during that time, found in the box, it is restored quietly to the owner, and no allusion is ever made to the affair.

But the main force in the government is the "Father idea. The boys feel it from first to last. They feel it all their lives through—it was in the plan of M. de Metz from the very first. The twenty Fathers are chosen, selected with the greatest of care—twenty kind, sympathetic, patient, fatherly men.

Co-existent with the Father-idea is the Home-idea.

When the bad boys become good boys, and are about to be discharged and go out in the world, they are warmly urged to come back every holiday, every Sabbath if they can. Should they be sick, and can reach the place, the Mettray hospital is open to receive them. Many come back when in trouble, or to die, as to a father's house. They grow to look upon Mettray not as a House of Correction, a place of punishment and discipline, but as the home-stead. The "Fathers" will show you hundreds of affectionate letters from their boys who have gone out and made themselves a place in the world.

There is one Father resident in Paris, to watch over the discharged boys who come to the city, befriend and counsel them. An eminent French lawyer, M. Verdies, filled the place eighteen years without salary.

Aside from those in Paris, there are now about 3,000 of these Mettray boys scattered over France. These are watched over by Mettray itself, through district agents, and through tours of inspection. This was the favorite work of the good chief M. de Metz himself. Long, expensive, tedious journeys he used to go, looking after his boys.—*Wide Awake.*

METTRAY HOMES.

THE HOLE IN THE BASKET.

A native preacher in the South Seas once gave the following illustration:—

He said, "I will relate an ancient story, to show how the gods once punished the sin of selfishness.

"Two men went fishing on the reef, and, after many hours, both took up their fishing-tackle and baskets to return home. One of the men had been quite successful, and had a full basket. The other, who had not obtained any, asked his fortunate friend to give him a fish. The reply was, 'No, get some yourself; I will not part with mine.' So saying he shouldered his heavy basket and marched away. The other man walked behind with his empty basket.

"Now there was a small hole in the bottom of the basket of the fortunate fisherman; but he was not aware of it. Presently a fish fell through quite unknown to its owner. This god-send was eagerly picked up by the man behind, and put into his basket. Ere long, another fish fell through, and another, and another. All these were gathered by the man following. The hole in the bottom of the basket was continually enlarging, so that the larger fish shared the fate of the smaller ones. At length all the fish had slipped away, and still the selfish man remained ignorant of his loss.

"On reaching his home, he threw down his basket before his wife, and desired her to cook the fish. Thinking herself mocked, she bitterly reproached her husband for bringing home an empty basket. At this moment his eyes were opened, and, too late, he discovered that he had lost all through refusing to pity him who had none.

"Beware," said the preacher, "lest we, who have our baskets filled with Gospel privileges, should incur the anger of God through failing to pity those who are still in heathen darkness, so that eventually 'the first should be last, and the last first.' It is meet that the heathen should be fellow-heirs with us of the grace of life. Once more, let us watch carefully against little sins. Beware of falling off in prayer and reading of the Bible. The little hole at the bottom of the basket, because it was unnoticed, went on increasing until the unhappy man had lost all."

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

The last words that good Archbishop Usher was heard to utter, were, "Lord, *forgive my sins, epecially my sins of omission.*"

"Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should *inherit a blessing.*"—I Peter iii. 8, 9.

The Family Circle.

A MOTHER'S DIARY

Morning' Baby on the floor,
Making for the fender
Sunlight seems to make its success
Baby "on a bender?"
All the spoods upset and gone,
Chairs drawn into file,
Harness strings all strung across,
Ought to make one smile,
Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue
How these charms will dwindle"
For I rather think don't you
Baby "is a swindle"

Noon' A tangled, silken floss
Getting in blue eyes
Apron that will not keep clean,
If a baby tries'
One blue shoe untied, and one
Underneath the table
Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys
Well as they are able.
Baby in a high chair, too,
Yelling for his dinner
Spoon in mouth I think, don't you?
Baby "is a sinner.'

Night' Chairs all set back again,
Blocks and spoons in order.
One blue shoe beneath a mat,
Tells of a marauder;
Apron folded on a chair,
Plaid dress torn and wrinkled,
Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,
Little fat knees crinkled
In his crib, and conquered, too
By sleep, best evangel
Now I surely think, don't you
Baby is an angel.

Boston Transcript.

A STRANGER IN THE SCHOOL

On a warm day, a large school of boys and girls were conning over their lessons The teacher tried hard to keep order, to make all take to their studies, to help those who needed aid, and to make all happy. He opened the doors and windows to give them fresh air, but all would not do. Some felt discouraged with their lessons, some felt sleepy, some felt cross, and everything seemed to drag By-and-by the heavy thread of a foot on the door-steps was heard, and, without knocking, in walked a hard faced man somewhat old in years but with a firm step The children at first felt afraid of him, but they soon found that beneath his hard looks there was a bright eye, a pleasant smile, and a kind heart. But instead of sitting down and staring at the school, he sat down by the side of a little girl who was trying in vain to get her spelling-lesson. There were tears of discouragement in her eyes

"Well, what's the matter with our little one?"

"Oh sir' I can't get my lesson' It's so long, and the words are so hard, I can never learn them;"

"Let us see. How many of those words are there in the column?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"And how many columns in your lesson?"

"Three, sir."

"Very well That makes forty-five words to be learned' How many of these are easy, so that you can spell them at once? Count them."

"Twenty-five, sir."

"Then you have twenty left which you call hard. Now take the first one, look at it sharp, see every letter in it, count the letters, see just how the word looks Now shut your eyes, and see if you can still see just how the word looks. Spell it over softly to yourself. There, now, you spelt it rightly. Now do so with the next word, and the next, till you have them all."

"Oh, sir' That is very easy I can get my lesson now"

Then the visitor went to a boy who was puzzling over a sum in arithmetic He was discouraged, and almost cross

"Let us see What's the matter here?"

"This sum, sir' I can't do it, and every sum grows harder and harder' It seems as if the man who made the book tried to see how hard sums he could put down."

"I see Now what's the rule by which this sum is to be done? Repeat it Very well, only you have not said it quite right. Turn to it and see There, now, you left out one important link' You now understand the rule. Try the sum now, putting in the part you left out."

"Oh, sir' It's easy now, I see, and I can now do them all"

"Yes, but you must not be thinking about your ball, and kite, and play You must give all your mind to the thing you are studying, and then it will all be easy."

The stranger next sat down by a boy who was trying to commit the declension of a noun in the Latin grammar. Over and over he had repeated it but alas, he could not make the memory hold it He was ready to throw down the book

"Hold there, my boy' Don't look so discouraged. Take your pen and carefully write down that declension. See how every word is written, and what letter ends every case. There, now, is every one right? Yes! Well, shut your grammar, turn over your paper, and on the other side write it all over again from memory So ho' How many mistakes have you made?"

"Two, sir"

"Very well. Put away that bit of paper, get another and try it again, and again, till you can write it without a single mistake You can say it then, for writing will fix it in the memory"

Thus he went from seat to seat, and helped all. The scholars forgot the heat. All had their lessons the teacher smiled and praised them, and all were very happy. Just as he was leaving, the teacher thanked the stranger, and hoped he would soon call again

"Oh" said he, "just send for me at any time, and I will come and give any one a lift."

"Pray, sir, by what name shall we ask for you?"

"Mr Hardstudy, sir, at your service —

DEBT.

A very nice girl indeed, Martin I congratulate you And you've chosen your domicile, too? A pretty villa, you say And as to drainage? Well, you don't know, really, whether there are any drains or not You suppose that is all right, and it's the landlord's affair and not yours. Excuse me, Martin, I don't see that. It may be the landlord's affair as to whether they do exist, but it is you, and not your landlord, that is going to live in the lovely little villa; and you will be susceptible to typhoid fever, and not your landlord. You and your beloved' Please to remember, my friend, that drains are often like the Eden to which Martin Chuzzlewit emigrated, on the banks of the Mississippi, a prospective thing, on a map, &c. —matters belonging to the verb to be' While you are settling comfortably down, the damp may, perhaps, be settling uncomfortably up; and the only ditty that you and your fellow villa-ites will be able to sing, is, "There's a good time coming, boys" However, not to depress you, Martin, perhaps your selected villa is drained, and the next thing is to furnish it Exactly, you say You're going to manage that admirably Six rooms, &c., all furnished throughout for £250, and you are to pay the amount off quarterly It's done now on system, and you are not going to worry about that. Piano extra, so much monthly, till it is paid for Isn't that glorious? No, Martin, it is utterly inglorious and horrible. You have positively taken my breath away' To think that you, a good, honest, sensible fellow, should be of sound mind, and all that, as the legal documents say, and yet be forging, with your own hands, the detestable gyves and fetters of debt, is absolutely alarming to me. You look hale and cheerful now, but I am already transforming you, in imagination, into a weird, wizened, worried man, old at thirty What immunity can you and yours claim from the ordinary sickness and trials of humanity? You will have dark, gloomy days, as well as bright, sunny ones, and that cool little arithmetical calculation you have made, as to quarterly instalments, monthly interest, &c., under the vile, damaging system of debt, will break down like a piece of gossamer web It is horrible enough gradually to get into debt; but you are about to handicap yourself in the difficult race of life by commencing with an entire system of it all ready to hand. I have known men who have been followed all the weary years of life by a ghastly phalanx of I O U's' The cry of "pay, pay, pay," has been the miserable chime of bells that they hung in the belfry of home, with their own hands' You haven't told Alice your idea about furnishing. No, Martin, I felt quite sure of that She is far too practical and sensible to endorse such an idea. I know her well, and she would rather begin life with a few honestly-bought fittings, however plain, than lie on a sofa that said "debt" and dine off a table that said "debt!" and play on a piano that said "debt!" Don't you know, my dear fellow, that in a few years all this fine furniture will be worn and torn, that castors will come off, and china break, and polish get scratched, and damask fade, and carpets wear out? And then, if, in five years or so, you have succeeded in emancipating yourself from the tyranny of debt, what a disappointing vision will rise before you? You will then have paid for worn goods, instead of having the pleasure of investing in fresh and fair furniture as you go on'

Yes, very pretty' A lovely little villa, furnished all over, from kitchen to garret, with somebody else's money' And somebody else's money means —please to remember that—first of all, a dearer price than you need pay for ready cash, and next, heavy interest if your quarterlies are left in abeyance Look here, Martin, if you eschew debt, you can live on oatmeal if you cannot afford meat, and you can make shift and contrivance in other ways, to the preservation of your self-respect, and the joy and rest of yourself and others Heart's-ease in the garden of the soul is better than many other more flaring flowers Plant that, and you will be free from many terrible horrors of the mind. It is one of the saddest influences of debt, that it deadens the delicate feelings of the mind, men and women get, in a way, used to it, they do not feel the *shame of it, but only the agony of being dunned* for payment, and there is this giant evil connected with it, that, one by one, doors of escape get closed, and the terrible temptation comes to drink, and drown dull care Multitudes of inebriates have been made such, not so much by actual love of drink, as by the fact that they can drown painful sensibility in the wine cup. Believe me, Martin, you are contemplating a real leap in the dark. I don't mean as concerns your marriage, a more prudent, thoughtful little lassie I don't know, than your *fiancée*, as society terms it, though I am not fond of French synonyms. But to furnish according to your ideal is a leap in the dark, and may land you at the bottom of a precipice of ruined health, ruined reputation, and ruined honor. I am all the more earnest because you haven't translated your idea into action yet, and if I thought you would, I feel almost inclined to infringe on the liberty of the subject, lock you up in my room, and take away the key, till you are in a better mind. All right—you won't tempt me to such a daring act, you won't furnish so. You see it now. *You won't get into debt, nothing shall* tempt you to, by God's help you'll keep out of such bitter bondage, and you're glad you came to see a true friend! Bravo, Martin! Bravo' I feel thankful that you have ported your helm at once. I am glad to hear that you need not even bide a wee, but that if you only partly furnish, and reduce some of your estimates, you can make a cheery little home of a villa all the same; and, let me add, having resolved to begin well, go on in the good way, and don't be ashamed to say, "I can't afford it." You can now fairly use the old familiar words which our fathers through so many generations have uttered with faltering voices —"And with all my worldly goods I thee endow," whereas, had you adopted your own plan, you ought to have said, "And with the goods of all the Jews and Gentiles to whom I have got into debt I thee endow, with the mutual bondage of you and me." Good-bye, old fellow, which is only abbreviated English for God be with you, and we know that the Just One will only dwell with righteous men —*Rev. W. M. Statham, in the Quiver.*

SLEDGING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

BY CAPT. MARKHAM OF THE "ALERT."

In order to give my readers some faint idea of "sledging life," it will be necessary for me to explain as briefly as possible the ordinary daily routine that was invariably followed by all who were engaged in the sledging operations of the late expedition. A description of the clothing worn by the travellers will also, no doubt, prove interesting.

Our travelling costume was somewhat different from that worn during the winter. The underclothing consisted of thick flannel. Over this were worn one or two flannel or check shirts, long sleeved woollen waistcoats, thick knitted guernseys, and duffle* trousers. All wore broad flannel belts, commonly called cholera belts, round their loins. Each person wore a suit of duck "over-alls," which acted as "snow repellers," and were found very useful As an extra precaution against snow blindness, the men had some device painted on the backs of their duck jumpers in order to afford relief to the eye, the designs, being left entirely to their own imaginations, were more quaint than artistic On our heads we had the woollen helmet caps so kindly given to us by Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugenie, and over these were worn our thick seal-skin caps. Our feet were encased in one, or two, pairs of blanket wrappers, thick woollen hose reaching above the knees, and moccasins Blanket wrappers were cut from the very best Hudson's Bay blanket, of about sixteen inches square, and were worn wrapped round the feet.

We slept in duffle sleeping bags, and our tent robes were made of the same material Snow spectacles were invariably used After their adoption we were comparatively exempt from that painful ailment, snow blindness, which renders all attacked so helpless. We occasionally suffered from it, but only, except in one or two instances, in a mild form When camped for the night the "snow repellers" are taken off, duffle coats substituted, and the foot gear changed This was the extent of our toilet

The important duties of "cook" are equally shared by the whole sledge crew, each performing this office in turn for twenty-four hours. It is, during very cold weather a most severe and unpleasant task, requiring great patience and powers of endurance

The cook of the day has always to rise in the morning two hours before the rest of the party, and seldom gets into his bag until two or three hours after the others are comfortably settled, and this, it must be remembered, after a hard day's work Gladly does he hand over his duties to his successor, happy in the assurance that his "turn" will not come round for another week His duties commence at an early hour, when, after having lighted his spirit-lamp and converted sufficient snow or ice into water for the morning meal, he re-enters the tent, and, walking round unconcernedly on the bodies of the sleepers, proceeds to brush from the top and sides of the tent the condensed moisture that has been accumulating during the night, and which falls in minute frozen particles on the coverlet Thus operation being concluded, the coverlet is removed, well brushed, shaken, folded up, and placed on the sledge In about two hours from the time the cook is first awakened, the cocoa is reported ready, when the remainder of the party are aroused. If the weather is very cold, breakfast is discussed in our bags, in which we all sit up, resembling, in our grey skull-caps and duffle coats, more a gathering of hospital patients than a band of strong, robust men The biscuit-bag is then laid in the middle of the tent spoons, each man being provided with one, are produced, and the pannikins, containing each one *pint of warm cocoa, are handed in When* this is finished the pannikins are passed out again to the cook, who has in the meantime been preparing the pemican. So hard is this latter article frozen, that the pieces for use have to be chipped off with an axe before they can be put into the stew pan. While the cook's patience is being sorely taxed, and his fingers alternately burnt and frost-bitten in his endeavors to prepare the repast, prayers are read to those inside, foot-gear is changed, and the sleeping-bags rolled up. This operation of dressing and undressing, although entirely limited to the feet, is one of the most disagreeable duties connected with sledge travelling. The hose and blanket wrappers, although kept *inside* the sleeping-bags during the night, the wrappers being frequently tied round the knees to protect them from the cold, were frozen so hard in the morning that it was with the greatest difficulty they could be folded over the feet.

Not the least trying part is that of lacing or tying the stiffly frozen strings of our equally hard, moccasins, with fingers either aching *from cold or devoid of all sensation.*

Immediately the pemican is consumed the orders are given to strike tent, pack sledge, and prepare to march. The drag-ropes are then manned, and with a "One, two, three, haul!" the sledge is started and the march commenced. Care must be taken to scrape the pannikins out with a knife before the refuse inside has time to freeze, otherwise it will be difficult to remove.

Water for washing purposes of any description, whilst sledging, is quite out of the question. Should the daily allowance of fuel be sufficient to enable the cook to make a little extra, it is equally shared amongst the men, but unless it is quickly used it is of little avail, so rapidly is it converted into ice, in spite of the water-bottles being kept inside the waistbands of the trousers! We, in consequence, continually suffered from an intolerable thirst, which could only be appeased at meal-times. The practice of quenching it by putting ice or snow into the mouth is a very dangerous one, and should never be permitted.

After marching for about five or six hours, a halt is called for lunch. This meal consists of four ounces of bacon, a little biscuit, and a pannikin of warm tea to each person.

Although the most refreshing and enjoyable of all our meals, luncheon was, when there was much wind or the weather intensely cold, a very trying one The halt is of necessity long. Frequently an hour or an hour and a half elapses before the tea is reported ready, during which time the men are compelled to keep constantly on the move to avoid frost-bite. *If we are not all suffering from the* same cause, the antics of the different individuals in their efforts to keep their feet warm would undoubtedly provoke much laughter One man sitting down, cross-legged like a Turk, is occupied in belaboring his feet with mittened hands, in his energetic endeavor to restore circulation others are "marking time" at the double, or jumping up and down

* Duffle is a thick woollen material resembling Kendal felt, and was used on Arctic service for the first time by the members of the late expedition.

in a frantic manner; whilst another, unable any longer to endure the cold, commences furiously to kick the sledge or a hummock with both feet, like one bereft of his senses Anxiously is the kettle watched, and many are the tender enquiries concerning the state of the water inside. "Does it boil?" is the question frequently asked, and, unless the cook is blessed with an amiable disposition, the perversity of the kettle is sufficient, at times, to drive him almost distracted The old saw, "A watched pot never boils," was fully exemplified. At length, to the relief and delight of all, the announcement is made that the tea is ready, when all troubles are forgotten in the pleasure and enjoyment of a warm pannikin of tea Sometimes little difficulties would crop up in consequence of the haste that had to be exercised in the preparation and discussion of this meal These, although serious at the time, served afterwards to amuse, and were soon forgotten. On one occasion, the water having been boiled, and the cook having, as he thought, carefully added the tea and sugar, which were as carefully stirred up, the allowance of tea was served out and eagerly drank by the weary sledgers, who were only too glad to receive anything warm. It was not until some time after the allowance had been consumed that the cook discovered he had omitted to put in the *tea*, and had served out simply a decoction of warm water and brown sugar! Sometimes the tea was made from salt-water ice, the cook having inadvertently mixed it before tasting the water.

Our bacon was as a rule frozen so hard as to be almost uneatable, and it was only by thawing it in our warm tea that it was rendered at all palatable.—*Good Words.*

A LADY HELP.

BY JEAN HATHERTON.

"Who was that pretty young lady with you at Mrs. Lane's last evening?" asked Mrs. Howard of her friend Mrs. Clark.

"That," replied Mrs. Clark, with a quiet smile, "was my hired girl."

"Oh," said Mrs. Howard with a sudden coldness and lack of interest in voice and manner, "I supposed she was a relative, as I saw you introducing her to some of our nicest young people. But then you are always doing such queer things one is never quite sure of you"

"What was there queer about that?" calmly asked Mrs. Clark.

"Queer! Why, the idea of your taking your servant to a social party, and bringing her into notice as Miss Gerden, instead of the Bridget she really is. I imagine the wealthy Misses Murdock will feel a little indignant when they find they played the agreeable to your servant girl, instead of to the cousin, or friend, they doubtless thought her."

"But why feel indignant? The very fact they supposed her a friend or relative of mine, proves her to be no "Bridget," and if they found her so pleasant and well informed that they chose to prolong their conversation beyond the mere forms of introduction, why feel mortified at finding they had been talking with a hired girl? The fact is our American people are forgetting their republicanism in a few things, I think, and allowing caste to destroy their unusually good common-sense. Now tell me, pray, if you can, why this young lady's standing in society should be lowered in the least, because she washes dishes and helps do my housework. Before she came I did the very same work, and no one pointed the finger of scorn at me on account of it."

"Oh, well, my dear, you will acknowledge that *young* ladies don't usually go into families to do house-work. It is only the low, ignorant class of girls that can be persuaded to work in our kitchens."

"True, but why? Simply because both in the family and in society a girl who earns her living at housework is persistently snubbed and neglected. Consequently the better class of girls, girls with good education, good morals, and a healthful amount of self-respect, who are quick to learn and ready to do, in fact the very ones we need in our families, will not come to us. And can you blame them? You say, Mrs. Howard, that only the lower class of girls do housework, but tell me, please, what satisfaction do they give? Only yesterday you were telling me what a trial your girl was to you, so wasteful, careless, and uninterested in her work; and you are not alone in this trouble. I think no class of employees give such just cause for complaint as the girls who work in our kitchens. Now there are hundreds of our girls with fair education, good common-sense, and lady-like, agreeable manners, who nevertheless, are poor, and obliged to support themselves, and they need the work we housekeepers might give them, and we need them. Employment is at present, as you know very hard to be obtained, and many of them are being driven to absolute want, or worse, a life of shame, when we might help some, at least, by taking them to our homes and treating them according to their work."

"Do you mean, Mrs Clark, that we should treat our servants just like our own families, let them come into our sitting-rooms, and parlors, and make themselves generally at home?"

"Certainly why not, provided they are by nature and education fitted to be comfortable there?"

"But," said Mrs. Howard, "it isn't pleasant to have any one not belonging to the family present at any and all times"

"I acknowledge that," replied Mrs. Clark with a smile, "but on the other hand what is pleasant for the girl? If we are Christians we ought not always to think of our own pleasure merely What shall she do when her work is done? Shall she sit down in the kitchen alone, or go to her cold, cheerless garret, the only room usually allowed a "hired girl?" There would not be much attraction in either place for the social, affectionate nature of a young girl"

"Well, perhaps not," said Mrs. Howard, thoughtfully: "but to tell the truth, Mrs Clark, do you really have this Miss Gerden, as you call her, feel at liberty to sit with you evenings or at any time when she is at leisure?"

"Yes, I have so far tried to make her feel that this was a home for her, as well as for the rest of us," replied Mrs Clark, "a home where she has her duties and cares, but where nevertheless she receives those little pleasures and attentions which we all need in order to be happy. It is not always pleasant, I confess, to have her sit with me evenings, for she is naturally talkative, and I like many times to be quiet, or better still, alone. I have often wished," she added with a laugh, "that I had a machine for doing housework, one that when not in use, could be put aside and require no attention whatever, but until one is invented, I cannot feel at liberty to treat a girl as though she was a mere piece of machinery, and utterly destitute of feeling."

"Well, I don't know but we do treat our girls something like that," said Mrs Howard. "If they do our work well, and keep out of our way when it is done, it is all we ask of them."

"Let me tell you something of Annie Gerden," continued Mrs. Clark. "I had been without a girl for sometime, when a friend told me of Annie, and urged me to take her. He spoke of her as being quite well educated, pleasant and agreeable in manner, and capable of making a noble woman could she be surrounded by the influences of a refined home, but if left in her present condition he feared her life would be a failure. Her home had been one where bickering, strife, and selfishness were the ruling powers, and her stepfather had made her the especial object of his dislike; and recently in a fit of passion had shut his doors against her, and she had found refuge with one, who to Annie seemed 'the friend in need who is a friend indeed,' but who nevertheless was a bad, designing woman. From this place she was persuaded to come to me. I found her willing and cheerful in learning the ways of the house; and she has proved herself far more capable and efficient than any other girl I have employed. She has a sweet voice, and baby took to her at once. I have found her very good with the child, and I assure you it is no small satisfaction to feel that my little Gracie is well cared for when I am absent. Annie is young, not yet seventeen. Her home training has been of the poorest kind, yet she has such tact and quickness of observation, that she has learned at school, and elsewhere, ways and manners that are pleasing. She has a good mind and a strong will, which evidently has been strengthened by her unfortunate home training. Yet she is hungry for love, and appreciation, and anxious to gain my favor. Now, Mrs. Howard, what is my duty to her? Is it simply to pay her good wages and speak to her pleasantly, beyond that having no care? Shall she seek her associates and amusements where she pleases, and while in the house spend her time wholly in the kitchen, and nursery, without interest or thought of mine, save what is required to see that she does her work faithfully? The girl must and will find love, and sympathy, and friends, somewhere. Shall I be guiltless, if left to herself, and neglected by the better class of young people in our village, she finds that love and friendship where it will prove her ruin? She will go up, or down, have I no responsibility in the matter? A few weeks of painstaking on my part will place her in good social standing, for if I persistently bring her into society and treat her as I would a member of my own family, others will treat her accordingly; at first to please me, but soon, I trust, she will gain friends for what she is in herself, and by giving her a fair chance in life I hope some day to see her a lovely, Christian woman."

"Well," said Mrs. Howard rising to go, "I suppose if we showed more interest in our girls' welfare, they would have more interest in their work and do more to please us. Aunt Sophia told me last week of a good American girl who needed a home, and I believe I will take her, and try your plan and see how it will work."—*The Household.*

"NEVER AN ENCOURAGING WORD."

He never speaks an encouraging word to us, said a servant of Mr. Towne. "Is that so." "You may try your life out to please him, and he never speaks an encouraging word. It is life under the harrow there, and I've left."

His children cannot leave home. He has two boys. They are sometimes at work in the garden, pulling up weeds, cutting the grass, making martin-houses and windmills. They put no heart in their work, it is dull and spiritless. They are for ever haunted with a furtive fear. Try as they may, and try they do, their father never encourages them. Nothing but a dismal drizzle of fault-finding falls from his lips. A sound scolding, a genuine cuffing when they deserve it—and children know they deserve it sometimes—like a thunderstorm, purify the air and make everything the better and brighter. Then the clouds clear away, and the gladdest sunshine follows. That is not Mr. Towne's way. He is never thunder and lightning and over it, not he, but a perpetual drizzle, damp, dark, murky. Nothing pleases, nothing suits him. Putting his eye on his boy is a mark of ill-favor. Every child dreads his gaze, shuns it, is ill at ease, awkward, squirming, until it wriggles out of the way and is gone. There are no glad voices in his presence; no out-spoken, frank, honest utterances only hesitation, inconsequence, self-contradiction; for fear always beclouds the brightest mind and the simplest heart.

"There is no use telling it before father," the boys say in bringing home a bit of news or a tale of adventure.

But, worst of all, "There is no use in trying," as they often say. And the disheartenment will presently merge into indifference, possibly into something more active. They will run away. Evil "speaks pleasantly" at least, and many a young person has turned from home, and sought other companions for no other reason. The heart, with all its warm impulses, and with them its sense of shortcoming and incompleteness, needs enlargement—must have it in order to grow strong.

"Not one encouraging word from father!" Poor boys! Bridget can leave, they can't.

Nor can his wife leave. Poor woman! She is a brave woman, too. What a hopeful smile she often wears. It is because she will bear up; and smile she must, an answering smile to the love of friends, the courtesy of society, the beauty of flower and grass, and the sweet sunshine through the trees. But there is no joy within. Home is a joyless spot, for her most careful house wifery there is never an encouraging word; for the taste and grace, with which she tries to make home attractive there is never an encouraging word. To her love, her devotion, her painstaking, her sweet solicitudes to please, there is never an encouraging word. The glance of her husband's eye only takes in what happens to offend, the word of his mouth only expresses what he finds, and those are faults, spots, something forgotten or overlooked. She dreads him, she fears him, she shrinks from him. There is no freedom or sunshine in his presence. Perhaps in her yearning woman's heart she has longed for his return, forgetting in his absence the small tyranny of his exacting spirit; but the thrill of his coming is soon deadened—"no encouraging words;" and she silently slips out of his sight to swallow her disappointment and heart-breaking alone.

There is a sense of misery in the house which no stranger can detect; perhaps this is too positively expressed; it is rather an absence of joy, everything spontaneous and cheerful and glad held in check. A minor tone runs through the family life, depressing to every one. The prints of an iron hand are on every heart.

"Never a word to encourage!" slipped unawares from her lips one day. It does not seem much, but who that has felt it does not know that it is the secret of many a joyless childhood, many a broken spirit.—*Family Friend.*

THE FIRST ROYAL CONVERT IN INDIA.

A young Indian king was, by the fortunes of war, placed under English guardianship. A young Hindu—not a Christian, but educated in a mission school—was given to him for a companion. The king, one night, could not sleep, and desired his attendant to read to him. The Hindu books were brought; but the puerile and superstitious observances and maxims did not satisfy him. He asked for something else. "Here are the Christian sacred books," said his companion. So the Bible was read. The king listened, was interested, convinced, came under the instruction of American missionaries, and finally became a Christian. The Koh-i-noor diamond, so famous as the largest in the world, belonged to his father, and was sent as a present to Queen Victoria. Thirty-eight years ago that father, the "King of Kings," Runjeet Singh, lay dead in a city of Northern India. Though unable to read a write his own name, and never knowing one figure from another, he had, by remarkable military talents and administrative ability, become leader of the Sikhs, a martial sect, and king of the Punjaub, the fan-shaped country of the five rivers uniting to form the Indus. He was the greatest force with which the English had to measure swords in the maintenance of their Indian possessions, and was known as the "Lion of the Punjaub."

At the death of his father, this son, Maharaja Dulcep Singh, was four years old. He was in his sixteenth year when arrested by the Holy Spirit, through the reading of the Bible, and eighteen years of age when he received baptism, and became a member of the Christian Church In his own royal city, and at the American mission station where he had learned Christ, he immediately established societies for the relief of the poor, and now supports missions and village schools, and gives every year, for these and other benevolent objects, at least one-tenth of his princely income. On his travels, not long after he became a Christian, he visited Egypt Attending there an examination of a mission school, he was much interested in one of the pupils, a young lady, whom he afterwards married. Gratitude for this Christian wife has led him to give largely to mission schools in Egypt, and every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he gives five thousand dollars to the school where she was educated. He has thus bestowed upon it fifty-five thousand dollars during the last eleven years.

On the breaking out of the Sepoy rebellion in India he exchanged his native country for a residence in England. He lives in a magnificent home near London, and the income suited to his rank is paid him by the British Government, which rules his former possessions in India. He has done much for London, and is a vice president of the Bible Society. The society, of course, is a special object of his grateful charities, for to the Bible he owes all.—*Life and Light.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XV.

1. The man who credence gave on touch of hand.
2. That which is equal to a murderous deed.
3. A fruit much eaten in an Eastern land
4. Bathsheba's husband, as by Matthew read.
5. What animal on Judah's hills was found?
6. The first five letters of the precious things
   Which in Saul's reign in Israel did abound.
7. The trusting bird that flew with soft white wings
   To bring Noah comfort in an olive leaf,
   And end at last his time of waiting grief.

   Take *firsts* and *finals*, and a text is made,
   Which in temptation's hour may prove an aid.

XVI.

Afar they watch my whole arise,
Its summit seems to touch the skies.
"When all is done," the crowds exclaim,
"Then shall we make ourselves a name"

Remove a letter, and behold
A shepherd issue from the fold,
With blood devoutly draws he nigh,
Himself, alas! how soon to die.

Remove a letter still, and now
Before an idol-god they bow,
To wood and stone is worship paid,
And men adore what men have made.

Remove a letter yet once more,
We see an altar stained with gore.
And he who built it named it thus,
To teach a precious truth to us

EFFECT OF REVIVALS.—"What would the great hives of our various industries in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Cornwall have been," asks an English correspondent, "but for revivals? It is all very well to howl against 'spasmodic and hysterical religion,' but the fact is that the mighty moral renovations which the populations of those countries have undergone, is due chiefly to the things to which such ugly epithets are attached."—*Zion's Herald.*

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

2 COR. 5, 10.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY"

The N. Y. *Independent* says.—We reproduce the late Dr. Muhlenberg's famous and endeared hymn as he originally wrote it, nearly fifty years since. Its revision, as at present printed in the hymn-books, was subsequently made. It has recently been stated that Dr. Muhlenberg, who lived a bachelor, wrote it in youth, in consequence of the severance, by her friends, of his engagement to a woman whom he deeply loved

I would not live alway: live alway below!
Oh! no, I'll not linger when bidden to go.
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer
Would I shrink from the paths which the prophets of God,
Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod!
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway,—I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way
Where, seeking for rest, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its radiance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within.
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears;
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway. No, welcome the tomb.
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
Where He deigned to sleep I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious daybreak to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise,
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon Heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns,
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet.
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! What is it I hear?
The notes of the harper ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold!
The King all arrayed in His beauty behold!
Oh! give me, oh! give me the wings of a dove!
To adore Him, be near Him, enrapt in His love
I but wait the summons, I list for the word
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XXIV

John 17.]

THE CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL. (About 721 B. C.)

Read 2 Kings xvii. 6-18. Recite vs 13, 14, 17.

DAILY READINGS.—*M*—2 Kings xviii 1-12. *T*—Lev. xxvi. 1-20. *W*—Deut. xxxi 16-27. *Th*—Neh. ix. 26-38. *F*—2 Pet iii. 1-15. *Sa*—Jer. iii. 1 14. *S*—2 Kings xvii 6-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Because they obeyed not the voice of the Lord their God.—2 Kings xviii. 12

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God forsakes those who forsake him

CONNECTED HISTORY.—More than a hundred years elapsed between the death of Elisha and the captivity of Israel. During that time Amos and Hosea had prophesied. Seven kings had reigned. Israel had been twice made tributary to Assyria, and the tribes east of the Jordan, with a part of the northern Israelites, had been carried into captivity

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Fix in your mind the duration of the kingdom of Israel and the circumstances of its destruction, so that you may never be puzzled hereafter when you hear "the Assyrian captivity" mentioned as distinguished from the "Babylonish captivity" one hundred and twenty years later

NOTES.—*Ho-she'a (God to help)*, the nineteenth and last king of Israel, son of Elah; slew Pekah, and succeeded him on the throne. reigned nine years 729-721 *B. C.*) *Assyria*, a great empire of the East founded by Asshur on the Euphrates, extending from Armenia to Babylon, 450 miles long, 200 wide. *Ha'-lah*, probably on the Upper Khabour River. *Ha'-bor*, "the river of Goran," probably the Khabour, a famous tributary of the Euphrates, entering from the north-west. *Go'-zan*, probably the district watered by the Khabour, which is remarkably fertile. *Tower of the watchmen*. Towers were built in the desert places for the protection of flocks and herds. hence, the country as distinct from the "fenced city," and both together signifying everywhere. *Div'ination*, the superstitious observance of any kind of omens, as from birds, the heavenly bodies, and a great variety of sources. *Enchantments*, including omens, serpent-charming, magical spells, etc., all kinds of enchantments were forbidden by the Mosaic law Lev. xix. 26, Deut xviii 10. *Pass through the fire*, children were sacrificed as burnt-offerings to the idol Moloch, being put into the arms of the heated image 2 Kings xvi. 3, xxi 6 The Jews were warned against this (Lev. xviii. 21), and it was often rebuked by the prophets. Jer vii. 31, Ezek xvi. 20, etc.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS

LESSON TOPICS—(I.) ISRAEL'S CAPTIVITY. (II.) ISRAEL'S APOSTASY. (III.) ISRAEL'S FINAL REJECTION

I. ISRAEL'S CAPTIVITY. (6.) HOSHEA, see Notes, KING OF ASSYRIA, Sargon, the successor of Shalmaneser who died B. C 722; TOOK SAMARIA, compare Hosea x 7, 8. Micah i. 6. CARRIED ISRAEL AWAY, 27,280 persons were removed, according to the Assyrian monuments. ASSYRIA. HALAH. HABOR. GOZAN, see Notes. (The kingdom of Israel lasted for 255 years. B. C. 975-721.)

1 QUESTIONS.—In what year did this captivity begin? Who was king of Israel? Relate his history, vs. 1-5 Who took Samaria? How long had it been besieged? Where were the Israelites carried? Where was Halah? Habor? Gozan? How long had the kingdom of Israel lasted?

II. ISRAEL'S APOSTASY. (8.) WHOM THE LORD CAST OUT, the Canaanites. (9.) HIGH PLACES, altars on hill tops and other high places: TOWER FENCED CITY, see Notes. (10.) IMAGES, statues, perhaps of Baal, IN ON, EVERY GREEN TREE, those most conspicuous as landmarks.

II QUESTIONS.—State the reason why God suffered the Israelites to be carried away captive How had they sinned against him? What forms of worship had they adopted? What secretly done? What built? Where? What set up? Where? Meaning of "high places"? "Tower of the watchmen"? What commandment did they break by their idolatry? Repeat it

III. ISRAEL'S FINAL REJECTION. (13.) TESTIFIED, in addition to having given the law; ALL THE PROPHETS, TURN YE, etc., repent and reform, see Hosea xii. 6. Joel ii 12 Amos v 4 15; Isa. i. 16-20. (15.) STATUTES, LAWS, TESTIMONIES, warnings of the prophets, VANITY, in nonentity, representing what does not exist, 1 Cor viii 4. (16.) MOLTEN IMAGES, made of melted metal; HOST OF HEAVEN sun, moon, and stars; GROVE BAAL, 1 Kings xvi. 32. (17.) FIRE. DIVINATION. ENCHANTMENTS, see Notes, SOLD THEMSELVES, into bondage to evil, see 1 Kings xxi. 20. Rom vi 16.

III QUESTIONS.—What did the Lord give them in addition to the law? Mention some of the principal prophets. What was the substance of their preaching? State some of the messages of Hosea, Joel, Amos, Isaiah. How did they treat God's call to repentance? What did they reject? What follow? What idols did they make? What worship? Whom serve? What compel their children to do? To what sell themselves? How did this wickedness affect God? What punishment did he inflict? What tribe was left?

How are we taught in this lesson—

(1.) That God's hand is in national judgments?

(2.) That the possession of peculiar privileges does not ensure piety.

(3.) That those who forsake God will be forsaken?

SINS DESTROYED ISRAEL

YOUR SINS WILL——

REPENT!

LESSON XXV.

John 24.]

REVIEW LESSON (with Nahum i. 3) (About 805 721 B. C).

DAILY READINGS.—*M*.—Romans ii. 1-16. *T*.—Josh xxiv. 14 28. *W*—Ps. ciii. 1-18. *Th*.—Isa. xlii. 13-25 *F*.—Heb. x. 17-31. *Sa*.—Malachi iv. *S*.—Nahum i 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord is slow to anger and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked.—Nahum i. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord bears with but will not acquit the wicked.

PLAN FOR REVIEW.—In reviewing (viewing again) an effort should be made to show the connection between the lessons. If they stand detached and isolated in the scholar's mind they will be soon forgotten, not being bound together by the natural association of ideas.

The memory will be aided by grouping the persons and events about some central thought, which may be written upon the blackboard, thus

PROPHECY.

I. ELISHA THE PROPHET, Lessons xii., xiv., xv., xvi., xvii., xviii., xxi

II. THE BAAL PROPHETS, Lesson xix.

III. THE THREE MINOR PROPHETS, Lessons xx., xxii., xxiii

IV. PROPHECY FULFILLED, Lesson xxiv.

I. ELISHA THE PROPHET

Whom did Elisha succeed in the prophetic office? How many of his miracles have we studied? Name them in their order

THE OIL INCREASED, to supply whose want? How was the creditor oppressing her? What did the prophet bid her do? How many vessels were filled with oil? What was she bidden to do with it?

THE SHUNAMMITE had lost her son in what way? Where did she go in search of Elisha? Whom did the prophet send to the child? With what directions? The result? Relate how Elisha restored the child to life?

NAAMAN THE LEPER lived in what country? State his rank. His disease. Who suggested that Elisha might cure him? What did Naaman take with him? How did the king of Israel receive the letter? Elisha's message to the king? State Elisha's directions to Naaman. How did he receive them? Who persuaded him to bathe in the Jordan? With what result?

GEHAZI THE LEPER was the servant of whom? What did he ask from Naaman? Upon what pretext? How much did Naaman give him? Where did Gehazi hide it? How did Elisha discover his guilt? What punishment was inflicted?

ELISHA AT DOTHAN was besieged by what army? How had the Syrians been thwarted? Who had given information to the king of Israel? How did the Syrians attempt to capture him? The effect upon Elisha's servant? For what did Elisha pray? What did the young man see?

THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA took place when? What shows its severity? Why did the Syrians flee? Who first discovered their flight? Who went in pursuit? What was the price of flour and barley?

THE DEATH OF ELISHA took place at about what time? Who came to visit him? How did he lament for the prophet? What did Elisha command him to take? How many times did he shoot? What miracle was wrought by Elisha's bones?

II. THE BAAL PROPHETS

JEHU THE KING made what proclamation? How many Baal-worshippers assembled? What penalty was threatened to all who remained away? How were the worshippers of Jehovah excluded? State the command given to the guards. How many were killed? What was done with the Baal-images? What idols were spared? How was Jehu rewarded? In what sins did he continue?

III. THE THREE MINOR PROPHETS.

JONAH AT NINEVEH, by what command? State the history of his first commission, his attempted flight; his punishment and rescue. Where was Nineveh? Its extent? Its population? The message of Jonah? Its effect upon the Ninevites? In staying God's judgment?

THE LAMENTATION OF AMOS was for what people? State the substance of it. Whom did he exhort them to seek? What not to seek? For what sins did he rebuke the people? What hope extend to them?

THE PROMISE OF REVIVAL was given by what prophet? What sacrifice were they exhorted to bring? State the three special sins to be renounced. God's promise. Some of the emblems of Israel's prosperity. Who would understand God's ways? What should be the fate of the transgressors?

IV. PROPHECY FULFILLED.

THE CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL had been predicted by what prophets? In what year did it take place? Whither were the Israelites carried? On account of what sins? How had Jehovah called them to repentance? With what result? How did God regard them? How does he now regard the righteous? How the wicked? State some practical lessons for ourselves from this review.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven.

PSA. 32: 1.

All persons are warned against paying subscriptions to the MESSENGER, *or any other publication, to persons they do not know, unless such persons are able to show the clearest possible evidence of being authorized so to collect.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. *When remitting be particular to give the correct Post-Office address with the Province, and not the name of your residence, county, or township, as is frequently done, which prevents the receiving of the publication until the correct address has been obtained. In forwarding remittances register the letter, or procure a Post Office order (in all cases we prefer the latter, as it protects the sender and ourselves), which can be had at the following rates* $1 to $4, 2c., *and* $4 to $10, 5c. *When stamps are sent to make up the remittance, the only denominations that are of practical use are* 1 cent, 2 cents, *and* 3 cents *of the Dominion of Canada. When changing address from one Post-Office to another it is necessary to give the old address as well as the new. If this is not done the change cannot be made, thereby causing disappointment. Address all letters concerning subscriptions. John Dougall & Son, Witness, Montreal.*

EPPS'S COCOA.—*Grateful and Comforting.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled thus: James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle street, and 170, Piccadilly, London, England.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THERE ARE SOME NEWSPAPERS WHOSE PRIVILEGES it appears to be to take the lead in nearly all improvements. Amongst these is the DAILY WITNESS. When the WITNESS first set forth as a daily paper devoted to the promotion of religion the idea of a religious daily was laughed at; but soon other newspapers found that religion was a good thing in a daily newspaper as well as anywhere else, and many of them followed in its track. When the DAILY WITNESS came out as a temperance paper, taking up the cause of total abstinence and prohibition, these were unpopular subjects for the daily press in Canada to discuss; but now newspapers, as a rule, support the suppression of the liquor traffic by legal enactment; but none except the WITNESS refuse liquor-sellers' advertisements, so that it is alone able to say what it feels. When the WITNESS first began to insert portraits of prominent men and pictures of interesting scenes it was thought strange; but now the foremost papers of the country have found it necessary to follow in the wake of the WITNESS in this respect, as they have in others. The DAILY WITNESS, following the example of the first English and American papers, has now become an eight-paged paper. It is possible that the change may for a time be ridiculed; but notwithstanding this, the farthest-seeing publishers, when changing their presses, will, in the future, obtain those which will print their papers with smaller-sized pages. The WITNESS in its new form is one of the handsomest of papers, and, without any exception, is the most convenient for preservation. The price remains the same ($3 per year, including postage), for which price over five thousand pages the size of the MESSENGER are sent to any address during the year.

WHILE, AS THE POSTAL FACILITIES ARE CONSTANTLY increasing, the daily newspaper becomes a necessity to those who, a few years before, were satisfied with a weekly, the weekly also becomes a necessity to those who had no newspaper at all or only those of less frequent publication. The WEEKLY WITNESS is universally conceded to be the cheapest weekly paper in the Dominion, its price being but $1.10 per year, while it contains all the latest news of general importance and different departments containing matter for every one in the family. JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, Publishers, Montreal. Your postmaster will forward the subscription for you if you desire him to.

THE RUSSIO-TURKISH WAR WILL BE THE most prominent topic in the newspapers for many months to come. To meet the universal demand for news on the subject, the publishers of the MONTREAL WITNESS have arranged to obtain the latest telegrams, and all editions will contain a complete résumé of the events of the war. The DAILY WITNESS will be mailed to Subscribers post-paid for $3 per year; $1.60 for six months; 80 cents for three months. The TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS is $2 per year post-paid; and the WEEKLY, $1 per year post-paid. Orders should be addressed at once to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

DISEASES SUCH AS CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, Debility from Typhoid and other Low Fevers, from excessive quiet, study or close confinement, and prostration of the vital powers, yield to Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites sooner than any remedy ever before discovered. The muscles of the stomach are strengthened, digestion becomes complete, the Lacteals take up nutrition, the blood becomes vitalized and pure, the nervous system vigorous, and the thin, pale or sallow-complexioned become plump and hearty and regain the ruddy tint of health.

A VERY NICE GIFT FROM ANYONE TO A FRIEND is a well conducted magazine, and that the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is such an one is universally conceded. It makes a yearly volume of one thousand one hundred and fifty-two pages, is well illustrated and contains much interesting matter particularly applicable to Canada, by Canadian writers. The price per year is $1.50, which includes postage. JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, Publishers, Montreal.

MUCH ILLNESS AND PAIN is caused by ignorance or disregard of the laws of health considered in regard to dress. The little book entitled "Dress and Health" gives much valuable information on this subject and should be read by every lady. The price is 30c., and may be obtained from the Publishers, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

THOSE WHO DESIRE TO STUDY THE FRENCH Language will do well to take a French newspaper. *L'Aviateur* is such an one—the only Protestant French paper in America. The price is $1 per year. JOHN DOUGALL & SONS Publishers, Montreal.

THE CLUB RATES FOR THE MESSENGER are when sent to one address, as follows:—1 copy, 30c.; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.